

Fishing with Grandpa

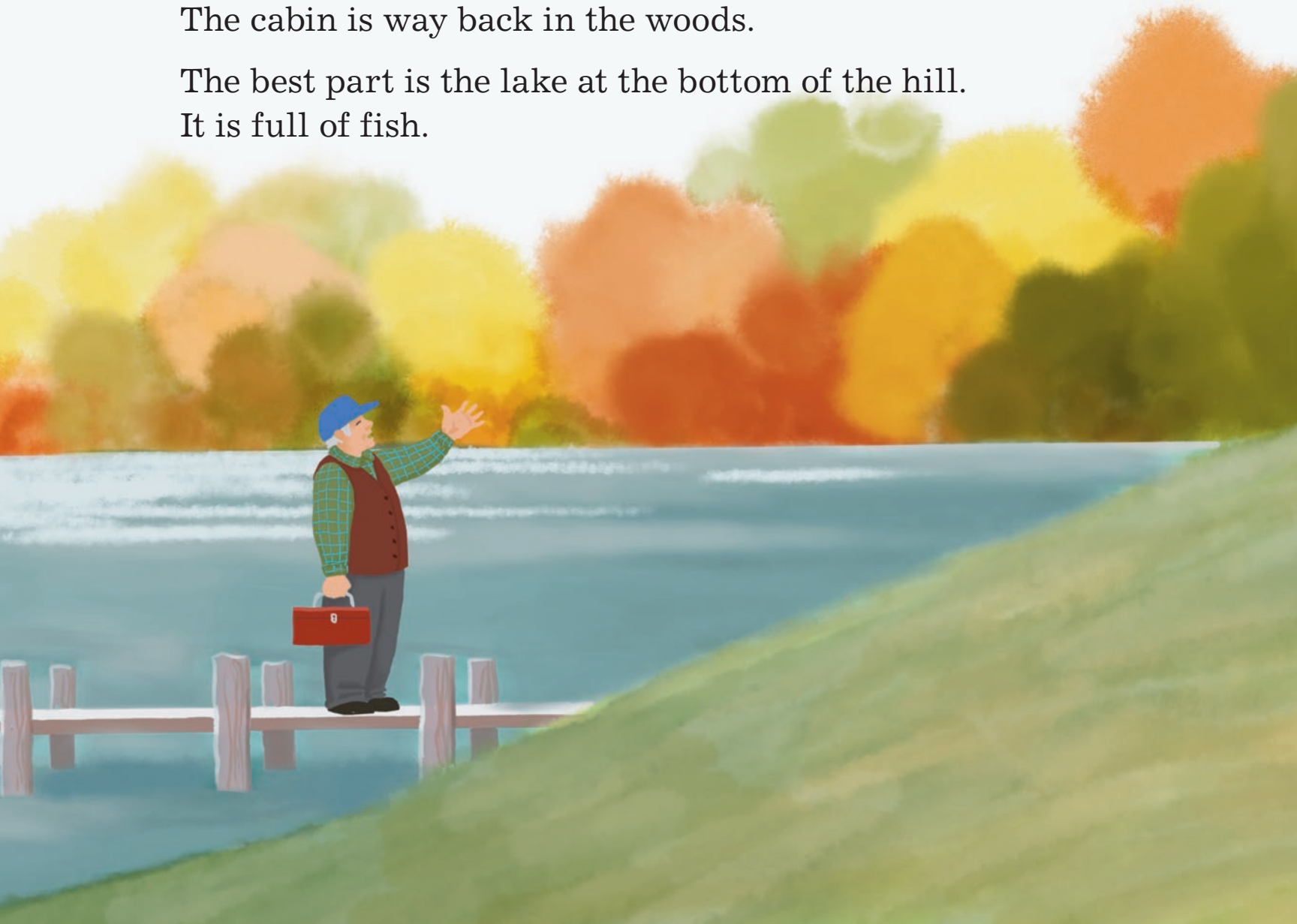


My big sister, Crystal, and I love staying with Grandma and Grandpa at the cabin.

The cabin is way back in the woods.

The best part is the lake at the bottom of the hill.

It is full of fish.





“Luke and Crystal, are you ready to go fishing?”
Grandpa calls out from the dock.

We run down the hill to him.

We put on our life jackets.
Mine is red, and Crystal's is yellow.

“What is your favorite part about
fishing, Luke?” Grandpa asks.





“I love when the fish pull hard, and I have to hold on tight,” I say.

“How about you, Crystal?”

“I love spending time with you, Grandpa,” she says.

“And I like trying to catch the minnows!”





We slowly pull away from the dock.
As we go faster, the warm wind blows in my face.
Grandpa gives me a thumbs-up.
I smile and give him a thumbs-up back.

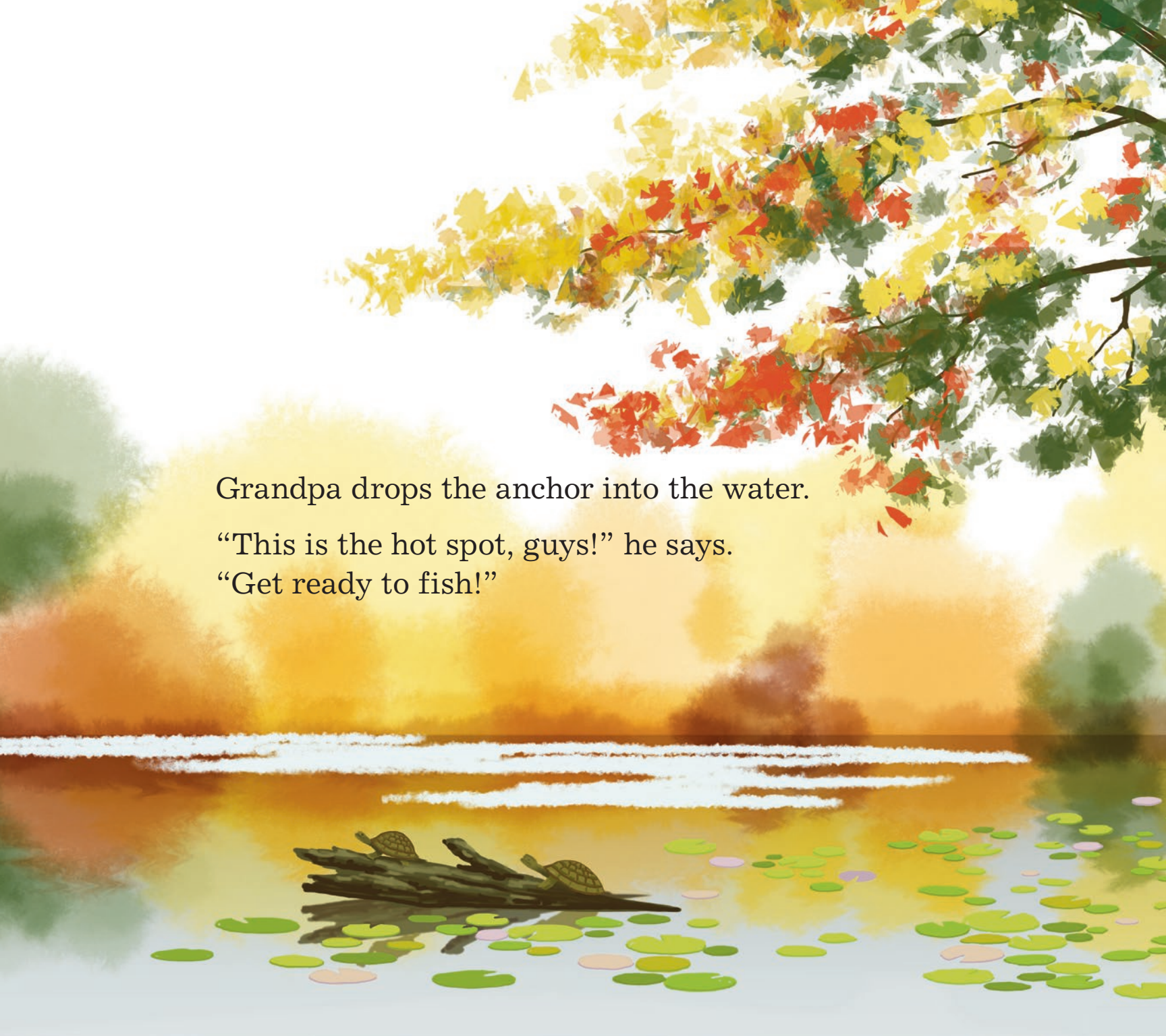


I love Grandpa!

After a short ride, Grandpa slows down.
We glide through the water.

Then Grandpa turns off the motor. The only thing I
hear now is the water against the boat.



A painting of a pond in autumn. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with trees in shades of yellow, orange, and red. In the foreground, a pond is filled with green lily pads and a log with two turtles resting on it. The overall mood is peaceful and serene.

Grandpa drops the anchor into the water.

“This is the hot spot, guys!” he says.

“Get ready to fish!”

Crystal sticks her hand into the yellow minnow bucket. It takes her a few tries to grab a minnow. They are fast swimmers!





I dig into the worm bucket and
grab a big fat worm.